### VOL. XII.

# RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1882

NO. 16.

### A Ballade of Toll.

Not for the world, but all for pain, I sing this song of core dismay. Wherein is neither hope nor gain Nor joy that groweth day by day, Nor love, for love's delight the pay; Only a moan that toil must be, And sorrow, come like storms that stray, Blown far along a frothing sea.

Swept fierce'y down a gloomy plain, The clouds of winter, dim and gray, Against the mountains toss in vain, And turn, and seek that endless way Wherein they must ferever stay; So toil, recurring, comes to me, And life grows like the bitter spray Blown far along a frothing sea.

Ah now the less of wine we drain With hearts that are not light nor gay; No subtle warmth thrills soul or brais. We hear no glad, sweet roundelay, Amid the growing shadows play, For toil claims from each life a fee: Fled is the beauty of our May, Blown far along a frothing sea.

No rest we win by noble fray, Only long-toiling waifs are we, Sad wrecks, who for death's darkness pray, Blown far along a frothing sea. - Thomas & Collies

ENVOI.

## A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

Miss Martha Bailey-knownthrough out Rosevi le simply as "Miss Martha"
—sat by one of the windows of her cozy sitting-room, putting the last stitches into a flamel skirt for old Mrs. Bolley, who suffered terribly with the rheum tism, which was not improved by the

weekly scrubbings she gave the office in the brick block on Main street.

Miss Martha had just sewed a steu horn button on the waist belt, and waabout to fold the skirt up, smiling a the thought of the cli woman's de'igh when she should receive the gift, when the ball door op ned without the cere mony of a preceding nock, and a neigh bor, Mrs Marsh, came in.

"You mucht not to sew by twilight M sa Martha," she said, as she entered the room; "you'll rain your eyes. Buthat's not what I came here to say Mrs. Norcross died an hour ago." The smile faded from Ms. Martha face, and her e es grew humid.

· Poor woman!" she said, in her low sw et voice "Soche has gone at las She really suffered a great deal"

"Yes, and she was gial to go. Bu she h devery attention in spite of he being a stringer here. Dr Edgecour visited her every day, and never charges a cent, I know; and all the neighbor sent thin s to cut. Car cers are terribl thines. She was a mighty patient we mar! Poor sou! But now." with sudde change of tole, "what's to ! done with Eva?"

"Har she no relatives at a'l?"
"No one S e is too refined an st ong enou h, which she isn't. Sh can't go to the poorhouse, of course and she hasn't a dollar - there's to be subscription to pay the burial ex

Miss Martha stood smoothing the flan e' s' irt wi h her white, thin handher fees wearing an expres ion of dethought misgled with anxie y. One she opened her lips as if to speak, the besitated and closed them again. Ough she to make this sacrifice which seemed urged u on he ? It would be selfish not to do so. She raised her head, and said in a firm, sweet voice:

"The girl m st come to me, since there is no one else to take her. I have plenty for one-I c n make it enough for two by exercising economy."

"That's just live you, Miss Mortha I knew you'd m ke the offer. The gir has g at a first rate education, and shcan study up enough to take a school by next fall. Of course, you won't want her round after you are married."

A deep flush came into M ss Martha's naturally pale face, she dr pped her eyes, and turn d away from Mrs. Marsh, with some murmarel excuse about making the flannel skirt she held into a burdle to be sent away.

The neighbors agreed that Eva Norcross could not have found a better howe than she had at Miss Mar ha's. The little cutage stood in a large gaden, well-filled with fruit trees and shrubs. In the summer it was gay with flowers of very many varieties. and sweet smelling honeysuckle wandered over and nearly concealed the fence and front piazza.

Miss Martha had lived in the cottage ith old Hannah for twelve years. For hree of these years she had been engog d to Dr. Tom Edgecourt, whose practice was as yet too small to enable him to marry. He was a year younger than Miss Martha, and this fact often stung her very keenly. She some times stood before her looking-glass and attentively studied her face, wishing she was twenty intread of thirty, and had the bloom of ten years before. Her hair was still glossy and abundant. her eyes still bright; but the plump ness and bloom of early girlhood had

fled forever. Occasionally she wendered if Tom would always love her, and tortured herself with imagining it a sacrifice for him to marry her. Would not a young girl suit him better? She started like a guilty thing when Hannah's tap at his partner's hands. Poor Arnold! He the door or call from the hall below interrupted these meditations. She was provoked with herself that she thought so much of departed prottiness and the difference between her age and Tom's. Yet she could not drive away her harassing doubts, nor would she try to set them at rest by speaking to Tom. She was shy and sensitive and so was he.

and they were both very proud. Eva Norcross found her new home a very quiet but not unhappy one. She | She mechanically repeated over and for the society of girls of her own age She liked nothing better than to lie in tone. Then she walked slowly into the an easy-chair all day with a book or some embroidery in her white pretty knees by an easy chair, burying her hands, which Miss Martha was never face in the soft cushions weary of admiring. The dead mother had indulged her child, and never taught a hoarse voice. her to make herself useful. There was now that Eva is here to point out a

fully competent to do the entire work of the smal: establishment.

"You must educate your elf to leach Mrs. Marsh said, one morning, as alle entered the cottage in her abrupt way, and found Eva embreidering a cushion. 'You can't live on Miss Martha all your

E a huddered and grew a little pale, while the work fell from ber hand.
"I have heard that the children at Dodd's Corner were very rough with the last master," the said, in her low, sofs voice.

"A woman might have more influence with 'em than a man," said Mrs. Marsh, "Anyhow, it won't burt you to try it a spell. Miss Maytha," as that lady came in from the kitchen, where she had been old, "you must get the doctor to give some strengthening medicine. Yellow dock tea would put new life into

Dr. Edgecourt called that afternoon for a moment, on his way to make a professional visit and Mis Martha told um what Mrs. March had said.

The young man sat down by Eva and ook ler hand in his. Miss Martla watched him closely, wonder ng if he noticed how round and while was the wrist on which he pressed his finger.
"She is not sick," he said, "all she oceas is fre-h air and exercise;" and hen he proposed that she should wrap p and get into his sleigh at the door ad drive with him to the house of his

oatient, two miles away.
"Can't you go too, Martha?" he isked. "We will crowd you in some-

"I do not care to go," she said; and Com thought her manner rather cells and depressing. He did not urge the matter, for he was easily wounded, and sever usked her a record time to grant om a favor. He was not a demonstrave lover, perhaps because Miss Martha never encouraged caresses. See did to think it modest or womanly to do o, yet she often caught herself wishing hat I'om would be more affectionate hey had been engage i for three years. had seen comparatively little of such other, owing to Tom's studies and oor patients - of which there were nany-and they had never grown fa-

niliar, as is the case with most lovers. Miss Martha watched the couple drive Tom ben' to arrange the buff to nore closely about his companion, and and something which made them both auch, and Mass Martna torned quickly om the window with a pain at he art. The girli-h face framed in the lesey wool of the black hood was so ery lovely! Would he mark the differsee, and regret-"

She took up her work and began to arn down a hem; but she could not rive away the haunting thoughts which

"Three years!" she murmured. "I a long engagement; and I have heard said that men are not patient waiters. wonder if he Las ever wished to be

The ride proved of much benefit to Eva, who was brighter and gayer for lays after. Seeing this, Tom took her with him frequently, never thinking that he was cau-ing his betrothed paid y so doing. He came oftener than ver to the cottage, playing chess and ribbage with Eva at the center-table is be evening, while Miss Martha sat with er sewing, and wished she were Eva's

"Do you think I will stand an hance of getting the school at Dodd's

"You surely don't think of applying for it!" cried Tom. "Wny, the children are little heathens. They throw ink nottles and spit balls at the teacher, and swear like troopers. No, no, we must not let you go there."

"I must work for myself," the girl said. "I cannot consent to remain de pendent on any one."

"Wais till next fall comes before you begin to worey," Tom said. "It is only March now, and something better may ourn up for us all in the next six months

Eva, as was her custom, left the room is soon as the game of chess was over Tom always had a few minutes alone with his betro hed before leaving the cottage.

"I am so tired of boarding," he said when, after some us important conversation, he rose to go. "I wish I had a home," and he sighed.

Now was Miss Marcha's chance to say something to der and chee:ful; but the words refused to form themselves on her lips, the was very shy, and lately she and Tom had seemed to be drifting very far apart.

Tom looked at her a moment as if expecting her to speak; but as she did not do so, he turned almost angrily from her, a dark red flush of wounded pride dveing his frank, fair face. He wished e had not uttered that longing for a

home. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," he said, as he reached the hall door, "that my brot'er Arneld is coming to Roseville co-morrow. He has some affection of the head and wants to put himself under my care for a mouth or two. He will leave his law business entirely has other than physical troubles! There's an old saying that women are at the bottom of all mischief, and men are such fools sometimes! Good-night, Martha;" and the hall door closed loudly.

For some minutes Miss Martha stood where he had left her, one hand bearing rather heavily on the small hall table. Could he only have known what stress she la d upon his careless words ! was gentle and timid, and did not care over the last sentence he had uttered, and remembered the bitterness of his small parlor again, and dropped on her

"I am no longer young," she said, in hourse voice. " he sees his mistake, no need for her to be active in the cot comparison. And yet how can I give and no one thought to see him again. king in California.

tage. At the outset Miss Martha had him up! How can I offer him his free-told her that she would be required to dom? Could I live on without the hope do nothing but study. Hannah being that I held so close to my heart for three years? But I must decide. Not now. I will wait, just a little while, to

be sure he has ceased to love me."

Eva noticed that Miss Martha was very pale and distreit the following day, and was not looking her best when Arnold Edgecourt came with Tom to cal. She had never seen this brother ife. Next fall we will try to get you call. She had never seen this brother into the district school at Dodd's before, but he was so like Tem in every way that she liked him at once. He was, however, more a man of the world than Tom, and while Tom's face wore a look of frank good nature, Arnold's was clouded by an expression of melancholy and discoptent. This Miss Martha ascribed to those secret troubles of which Tom had spoken, and she wondered if some woman had jilled the handsome Wit lawyer.

Several weeks passed by, and Miss Martha was no longer her former making "quaker" for old Mrs. Green's bright, cheerful self. She did not know what it was to be without that sharp pain at hear!, and the estrangement between herself and Tom seeme i to grow greater every day. He withdrew more and more into himself, and she made no effort to restore the pleasant relations between them. She watched him closely, and saw that he seemed annoved and distressed at Arnold's de-cided attentions to Eva. Once she heard him remonstrate with his brother, but Eva's name was the only word she caught distinctly. She thought Tom jealous, and atraid that the girl's heart would be won from himself.

"It must come," Miss Martha would murmur to herself. "I must offer him his freedom. Why cannot I be brave and do it at once? He loves Eva, but he is not free to win her, and Arnold's attentions pain and trouble him. But how can I give him up? I will wait just

a little longer." Thus from day to day she put off the evil hour in which she was to see her dearest hopes cramble to dead ashes. She shuddered when she thought of spending the rest of her life without

One evening the two young men came by invitation to the cottage to supper. Miss Martha sent them into the garden o smoke, while she, with Eva's assistnce, was busy laying the table with he best damask and china. Presently, he went into the parlor to get from the 11 cabinet which stood between the windows some silver spoons which had belonged to her grandmother. The shutters were closed, but the windows were open, and the low murmur of oices came to her ears. She knew the rothers were just outside on the rustic euch, and she was about to close the cabinet and speak to them when she heard Toms voice uttering words which eemed to fall on her heart like drops

of molten lead. "It is a great mistake for a man to ngage himself to a woman older than imself. He is sure to repent soon or ate. I was a fool, and now that I love Eva. We both laborel under a mis Eva with all my heart, as I have con-lessed to you, I wish the other was in Guinea. And what am I to do? My honor binds me to her-confound it

Miss Martha did not wait to hear Arnold's answer. She walked slowly and falteringly from the room, and wen apstairs to the spare chamber, where he locked herself in.

The young men wondered why sup er was so late, but just as their patience was entirely exhausted. Eva came o call them, and then went in to find Miss Martha already scated at the hear of the small table laid for four. She made no excuse for delay, and the supper was so excellent that the young men orgot all about their vexation.

The evening passed very quietly, Miss Martha evidently making an effort to be intertaining; and seeing this, Tom and Arnold left very early, the latter, as sii-s Martha noticed, having hardly spoken to Eva since supper. She thought this was out of respect for his brother's feelings, which had so lately been re-

vealed to him. The next day Tom was surprised in his office by the appearance of old Hannab, who quietly laid a letter on his

de-k and went out again.

The young doctor's face grew very white as he read what Miss Martha had writen. Without explanation or excuse, the requisted that their engagement might be at an end; and said that as it would be better that they should not meet for a while at least, she was oing to an aunt's in another town, to his ship through the straits that stay several months. Eva would remain at the cottage with old Hannah. For some time Tom sat gazing at the letter, as if turned to stone. Then he touched a lighted match to it, and

watched it burn away to ashes. "That is over," he said aloud. have been expecting it. I have seen it in her face, and yet I had not the courage to ask her about it."

It was a sultry July day, the railroad journey dusty and fatiguing, and Miss Martha was very glad to step out of the cars at Roseville. She walked slowly up the dusty road leading to her cottage. It was nearly three months since she had left home, and during that time she had neither written nor received a single letter. She had not given Eva her address, and no one knew where she had gone. She had wished to cut her self loose from the past, hoping to forget it, but she had not forgotten, and her heart had not lost its dull pain. Recollections of Tom stung her as she saw the familiar streets and stores. Perhaps he and Eva were married.
"You don't mean to say that's you,

Miss Martha," cried a familiar voice, and Miss Martha paused beneath the shade of a spreading elm as Mrs. Marsh came hurrying toward her. Well, you've come too late. Love laughs at smiths, you know. It's all ever—Eva's gone off with him, and they're married by this time, I haven't a doubt,

Miss Martha staggered back and put her hand over her eyes. The shock it was to her to hear of Tom's marriage showed her, to her mortification, that all hope had not been crashed from her heart, as she had thought.

"I-I ex; ected it," she stammered. "Well, it's more than any one else did. He went off soon after you left,

But back he came again yesterday and eloped with Eva late last evening. Oh, it was wicked; it was scandalous; and told me to haul it off, but Jesse James the whole story is all over town. I wonder now if you know about Miss

"No," said Miss Martha, white to the

lips.
"Well, it seems as if he was engaged to this Miss Somerby, a rich old maid. She is mad ecough at being jilted. Somebody telegraphed to her father, and he was here this morning to ascertain the facts of the case." "What! Tom engaged?" cried Martha,

in amazement. "Who said anything about Tom? You must be wandering in your mind. It is Arnold Edgewort I am talking

Without another word, without the slightest excuse, Miss Martha broke away from the hand of the friendly gossip, and almost ran down the street. When nearly at her own gate she rushed blindly against somebody, and looking up with a hurried excuse, saw

"Martha," he gasped, forgetting for the moment in his excitement the gulf between them. "You have heard it all; I see it in your face Come right in; about twenty miles. The stage coach you look really ill. I did not know you cared so much for Eva. But the scan-dal will die out, and I know Arnold and we made rather slow progress, the will be good to her. He sent me a vehicles being several his telegram saying they were married at Brierly early this morning. He was to her enormous wealth.

By this time they had reached the ened parlor, where the shutters had been carefully closed by old Hannah to keep out dust and flies.

"Tom," said Miss Martha, laying her hand on his sleeve; "can you ever forgive me? I see everything very plainly now. It was not you I heard say a man was a fool to engage himself to a woman older than himself. Your voice and Arnold's are so much alike, and I did not know of his engagement. Then she told him all she had heard

when she had gone to the old cabin for the spoons the evening of the supper.
"Martha," said Tom, in his manly way, "I never loved any woman but you. I did not know you were older than I, for you never spoke of your age. and it would have made no difference to me anyhow. I thought of Eva only a a child, and knowing of his engage ment, of which he had ferbidden me to peak, it distressed me to see his attenion to her, for I saw that she was learning to love him. That evening in the garden I gave him a long lecture, and pointed out to him the harm he was doing the girl. He promised to see her no mord; but though he went home a few days later, he corresponded with her

instant that you thought me in love with I noticed your growing coldness, and thought you were becoming weary of your engagement to a poor village doctor. You did not seem to care for lovemaking or caresses, and I could not, of course, wish to force my "I was wrong, Tom, for I do love you

affection upon you." dearly," and then, as he took her in his arms and pressed her to his heart, kiss ing repeatedly the soft cheek on which there was now no lack of color, the added softly, "and our engagement used not be of longer duration, Tom. You besitated to marry me while I had so little and you nothing; but you will not hesitate now that I am rich. Yes"as he glanced at her black areas - "m aunt is dead, and she left me forty thousand dollars. I have suffered enough for my mistake, and what is mine i yours, dear Tom."

And Tom's tender kiss gave cheerful assent to all she said.

Arctic Exploration. Arctic exploration is not a new thing. t begins with Sebastian Cabot, who discovered Newfoundland and landed at Labrador. Henry Hudson found and gave his name to the great bay which is one of the most striking features of British America. There a mutinous crew put him in an open boat with a few faithful adherents and left him to his fate. Vitus Behring, the Danish explorer, who found that Kamschatks did not connect with Japan, succeeded one hundred years ago in pushing bears his name; but his vessel was wrecked, and he died on a desolate island. Captain Cook reached these straits thirty-three years afterward, but was forced back by ice to die on the Sandwich Islands Ross and Parry made a few discoveries but at a terrible expense of suffering and risk of life. The story of Sir John Franklin is a familiar household talehow he set out in the Erebus and the Terror with 138 picked men, and all eprished; and eight expeditions were sent out to find and relieve him at great cost, but no returns. The Grinnell expedition, sent out by Henry Grinnell and George Peabody in 1853, under the heroic Kaue, was more fortunate than its predecessors, and brought back the accounts of the Open Polar sea which have stimulated the ambition and curiosity of hundreds of navigators since. But, though Kane lived to return, he died of the effects of the exposure. Six Hugh Willoughby and his crew starved to death, and Barentz, the Dutch ex plorer, perished in the same way. These are only a small fraction of the human sacrifices to that Arctic idol whose icy altars are covered with the debris of wrecked ships and the bleached bones of brave and devoted men, sent up into the jaws of destruction to discover noth?

Much eloquence has been expended upon the mineral wealth of California, but, after all, her golden grain is her real wealth. According to official figures the gold and silver mines of that State during ten years, commencing with 1871, produced \$186 506,249, but the wheat fields during the same period produced 278,908,000 bushels, market value of which amounted to \$318,231,036. Wheat, and not gold, is

St. Louis the watch worn by the late Jesse James for nearly eight years and taken by him from its owner, Hon. John A. Burbank, of Richmond, Ind., at Malvern Junction, Ark. After the no-torious robber's death the watch was found among his effects and returned to its owner. The story of the robbery as told by Governor Burbank is as fol-

Hot Springs, Ark. At that time persons going to the Springs left the railroad at Malvern Junction and traveled acros the country by stage. We reached Malvern in the morning and left there early in the forenoon. There were fifteen or sixteen persons going over, one lady and the rest gentlemen. Most of the passengers, some ten or twelve, were placed in a six horse stage coach. I and a gentle man named Taylor, from Connecticut, and a sick man whose name I do not know, were in a hack together, while about twenty miles. The stage coach led the way, our back followed and the hundred

marry Miss Somerby next month, but noon, when we were within about five he never loved her; he was tempted by miles of Hot Springs, and just after crossing a little stream where the horses cottage and gone into the little dark- rode up from the front and passed were watered, five men on horseback us to the rear. They were all mounted; two or three had on long overcoats and perhaps one or two had shotguns, but there was nothing susicious or remarkable in their appearance. I thought there might be a shooting-match or something of that kind in the neighborhood. "In a very short time the same men

rode back again past our hack to the

front. We paid no particular attention to this. In a few minutes we heard great shouting, cursing, etc., and looking out saw the coach had been stopped a short distance ahead of us. We drove up as fast as we could, supposing that a sheriff's posse had stopped the coach to make an arrest or something of that sort. The coach was stopped while ascending a little hill, and where the road was quite narrow. When we got there we found it surrounded by five men on horseback, the ame who had passed us, all heavily armed and with revolvers leveled at the coach. One had a Win-chester rifle and the other four each had a seven-shooter in his hand and two in his belt, making twenty-one shots in sight to each man. When we got up they ordered us all to get out and ended by cloping with her yester and form in line. I was at the head of cay evening. I did not imagine for an the line. As it turned out there was but one weapon in our party, and this a small pecket pistol. Another was in a hand bag, but was unavailable. When we were in line Jesse James, the captain of the gang, said 'hands up.' out up our hands. Then one of the men d smounted, and while the other four kept us covered with their revolvers he went brough us. Coming to me first be said, 'I'll take what you've got.' Ob erving my diamond pin, he went for it without ceremony. While doing that e discovered my watch chain, a very avy one, which I wore under my vest, and jerking it out threw it over my and and then pulled out the watch He then went in my pantaloons pocket and got my pocketbook, which conained about \$60 The diamoud pin was worth from \$250 to \$300, and tu watch and chain \$5.00. All this time we were covered by the revolvers, and being marmed had no choice but to submit. Our hands were still up. I had on a heavy seal ring, and the fellow said: You'd better put your gloves on or I'll take that ring.' I put my hands down tong enough to put my gloves on, and he kindly overlooked the ring. he got through with me he took the next in order, and so on through the tine. From my Connecticut frien I they got an old fashioned watch, which was an heirloom in the family, and \$500 in money. He offered a big ransom for the watch, but they refused to negotiate. From the rest they only got small amounts. When they got through with us Jesse James cailed out to the driver: 'Throw down that mail bag.' The driver made no motion at first, and James leveled his pistol at him and sald again: 'Throw down that mail bag. The driver obeyed. The pouch was cut open, the contents poured out on the ground, and man who was on foot began to fumble over the mail. He first tore open a large official envelope, which had nothing but official papers in it. ing there was no money, Jesse James called from his horse, 'Put that letter back,' and the man obeyed without a word. They found no money in the mail and soon stopped opening the letters. They then broke open the express trunk and found two packages of greenbacks, amounting to about \$500. All the time the sick man and 'the lady remained in their seats. When the man who went through us looked inside the hack and reported a sick man, James called out, 'We don't disturb sick men!' and when they came to the lady he said, We don't disturb ladies-sit still madame.' While this was going on one of the mounted men rode around the coach once or twice and examined one of the wheel horses very closely. It was a fine sorrel horse After eyeing the horse all over he called out to the driver, who was still holding the lines, 'Get down and unbarness that off horse. The driver was slow about moving, and the fellow leveled his vistol at him and said: 'I say, get down and unharness that off The driver did as he was ordered. When the horse was unbarnessed the robber dismounted and, placing his own saddle and

bridle on the stare-horse rode him

How It was Taken from its Owner-Its took a fancy to my fur overcoat, and told me to hanl it off, but Jesse James There was recently on exhibition in heard him and said : 'No you don't that would lead to our detection sure. All this occupied about half an hour. When the robbers got through they told us we could go, and they rode off together. We afterward heard of them in the direction of Texas. They looked like sturdy young farmers

and were not masked beyond wearing slouch hats well pulled down, and Jesse James had a woolen lows: comforter wound round the lower part of his face. During the entire per-formance they affected a kind of polite-"In the spring of 1874 I was going to ness with all their roughness, and tried to create the impression that they were gentlemanly highwaymen. After they left we gathered up the mail and scat-tered baggage and continued on to Hot Springs. The news of the robbery created intense excitement there and the whole population turned out to pursue the robbers, but nothing ever came

Governor Burbank has placed the watch with the Eugene Jaccard Jewelry company for exhibition, and it will doubtless be inspected by hundreds of curious ones. A replevin bond had to be given the officers at St Josephs, as Mrs. James threatened to sue for its recovery. It is not likely that she will though. The watch is in perfect running order and shows good treatment rom its quondam possessor.

### Pirates of the Past. As the archipelago east of Greece had

heltered the hordes of the Turkish

corsairs, so the many islands, crooked channels, reefs hidden from all but the Indies the safest place in the world for pirates to pursue their work. To these new and wild regions in the control of the safest place in the world for pirates to pursue their work. To these home. "That new he" ocal pilots, small harbors and abundnew and wild regions, in the sixteenth century, had flocked bad men and ad venturers from all over the world. When the wars and their chances of plunder died out after the campaigus ied by Cortez, Pizarro, Balbon and the rest of the Spanish conquistadores, many ruffians seized upon vessels by force, or stole them, and turned into robbers of the sea. As a rule they had farms and families on some island, and men. The last class of men spent their time in the wild interior of the island, capturing, herding or killing wild cattle. They came to the settlements only now and then to get supplies, and then returned to the wilderness for several months of absence again. Final-ly, a war having arisen between this and other islands, the trade of the cattle-men was destroyed, and large numbers of them joined the freebooters. who then became extremely numerous The Cow Was Treated Like a Lady. and formidable; and so largely was this heir new friends that they los their old name, and were known by the name of the cattle-hunters-Buccan neer.

St. Domingo became the headquarters of the buccanneers, but several small slands were also owned and controlled by them. They were made up of men of all nations, but were chiefly Spanards, Datch and negroes They were housands in number, possessed large fleets of ships and boats, well armed. and had their regular chief and underofficers. The most noted of these hiefs, perhaps, was Morgan, who was Englishman.

They had two methods of work. One was to patrol the sea in the track of essels bound to and from Europe and Brazil or Spanish America, and seize them. Very often the crews were willpirates; but sometimes all were killed or carried into slavery. Merchantships, therefore, all went heavily armed those waters, and many were the bloody battles fought.

This work, however, employed only a great fleet, enlist men under certain strict rules as to sharing the spoils, and was hardly an island in the West Indies from which, in this way, they did not extort immense sums of money under threat of destruction of the people. The mainland also suffered from the marauders. Great cities, like Cartagena in Venezuela, Panama on the Isthmus, Merida in Yucatan, and Havana, Cuba, were attacked by armies fortifications held good, and the enemy was beaten back; but sooner or later all captured, burned or partially burned, and robbed of everything valuable that they contained. "Why did the citizens not hide their wealth?" They did; but the buccan-

neers put to the most dreadful tortures men, women, children, slaves-everybody-until they would tell where their money and jewels were buried. It suffering committed by these wickedest of men. For years and years they were the terror of the whole Carribbean region. Nor did their enormous riches do them a particle of real good, for they wasted it all, the moment they got home, in wild rioting, so that the spoils earned by months of hardship, and exposure, and wounds, and danger of death, would be spent in a week of carousing. Before the end of the centary, however, the combined naval forces of all the nations interested in the commerce of the new world broke the power of the buccanneers and their depredations ceased. Their story is one of the wildest, most romantic, but most terrible pictures in the history of the world. - Wide Awake.

The next total eclipse of the sun to be seen in this country will be on the bridle on the stage-horse rods him up the road a few hundred yards and back at a rapid gait. Coming back to the coach, he said: 'You can hitch up that other horse,' and the driver proceeded to do so. That was smoked glass. The eclipse will occur poet wrote it for his little daughter an Arkansas horse trade. I forgot to on the 28th of May, 1900.

## Picking Berries.

Away to the hillside on swift little feet, Trot quick through the meadows in shadow

and sun: Broad brims and deep crowns over brows tha

are sweet.

And round rosy cheeks that are dimpling with fun.

And home from the hillside on slow little feet? With baskets as heavy as faces are bright; And who will be first the dear mother to greet

And see her surprise and her look of delight But she never will dream, by the berries they bring.

Of the millions they left where the sweet berries grow, way on the hills where the merry birds sing,

And the brook dances down to the valley -Margaret Sangster.

# HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Underground work-An earthquake Can a shepherd's crook be termed a

The strongest man is rarely strong enough to hold his tongue at the right

"Hard-up" asks : "How can I turn

an honest penny?" Suppose you try putting the other side up?

There is a complaint from England that leather is found in American sausages. Good gracious, do they think we can stop to take the collars off the

Krapp, the cannon maker, now employs 13,000 men, and yet complains that he is behind his orders. He is safer behind his orders than in front of his cannon.

but I don't go with a crank." SECOND-HAND OTHER,

"I want one servant girl," he said,
"One maid, to order, so to speak,"
The employment agent scratched his head,
And told the man to call next week.

Next week he came as per request—
The clerk could furnish no such grade,
But quickly put his mind at rest,
By giving him one ready maid.

"Lend me five dollars, Joe?" 'Can't only went freebooting a portion of the do it; in fact, I am just going over to year, at first. The large island of Hayti, or St. Domingo, was then settled by colonists who were of three distinct classes—farmers, hunters and cattle make it easier to pay, you know, if it is men. The last class of men spent their distinct of the last class of men spent their distinct or the last class of men spent their distinct or the last class of men spent their distinct or the last class of men spent their distinct or the last class of the last clast clast clast class of the last class of the last class of the last class divided up between us.'

Professor to classical student: "If Atlas supported the world, who supported Atlas?" Student: "The question, sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as I am aware, satisfactorily answered. I have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a ich wife, and got his support from her father."

A man came into the office on Thursday with a black eye, a strip of courtplaster across his cheek, one arm in a ling, and, as he leaned on a crutch and wiped the perspiration away from ground a lump on his forehead with a red cotton handkerehief, he asked if he editor was in. Bsing answered in the affirmative, he said:

"Well, I want to stop my paper;" nd he sat down on the edge of a chair as though it might burt it. "Scratch my name right off. You are responsible for my condition.'

"Can it be possible?" we inquired. "Yes," said he. "I'm a farmer, and keep cows. I recently read an article in your paper about a dairymen's convention, where one of the mottoes over the door was, 'Treat your cow as you would a lady;' and the article said it was contended by our best dairymen ing, or were compelled to join the that a cow treated in a polite, gentlemanly manner, as though she was a companion, would give twice as much milk. The plan seemed feasible to me. I had been a hard man with my stock. and thought maybe that was one reason my cows always dried up when butter portion of the buccanneers, and was was ferty cents a pound, and too uncertain a means of wealth to suit gave plenty of milk when butter was them. They would, therefore, equip a only fifteen cents a pound. I decided to adopt your plan and treat a cow as I would a lady. I had a brindle cow that sail away to pillage some coast. There never hed been very much masted on me, and I decided to commence on her; and the next morning after I read your fiendish paper, I put on my Sunday suit and a white plug hat I bought the year Greely ran for President, and went to the barn to milk. I noticed the old cow seemed to be bashful and frightened, but, taking off my hat and bowing politely, I said: 'Madame, excuse of buccanneers numbering tens of the seeming impropriety of the request, thousands of men. Sometimes their but will you do me the layor to hoist? At the same time I tapped her gently was beaten back; but sooner or later all on the flank with my plug hat; put-these cities, and others, smaller, were ting the tin pale under her I sat down

on the milking stool," "Did she hotst?" said we, rather anxious to know how the advice of President Smith, of Sheboygan, the

great dairyman, worked. "Did the hoist! Well, look at me, and see if you think she hoisted. The cow raised right up, and kicked me with all four feet, switched me with her is sickening to read of the crimes and tail, and hooked me with her horns at once; and when I got up out of the bedding in the stall, and dug my hat out of the manger, and the milkingstool from under me, and began to maul that cow, I forgot all about the treatment of horned cattle.

fairly galloped over me, and I never want to read your paper again." We tried to explain to him that the advice did not apply to brindle cows at all; but he hobbled out the maddest man that ever asked a cow to noist in diplomatic language. - Chicago Tribune.

## Charged Up to Longfellow.

Blanche Roosevelt, in her new book, Longfellow's Home Life," gives a bit of information not generally known when she asserts that the little absurd nursery rhyme, beginning:

There was a little girl Who had a little curl